CAMPBELL PRESS

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Trade At Home
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VOLUME 33, NUMBER 5 — CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA — TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1929

Current Comment

The recent outbreak in the Colorado state penitentiary, which resulted in the deaths of several guards and prisoners, seems fraught with more than ordinary signifigance, coming, as it did, upon the heels of numerous prison riots in the east and south. Just what that signifigance may be is difficult to determine. With very little urging the imagination may easily picture the disturbances as part of a nation-wide demonstration against conditions obtaining in our penal institutions. Some local California writers attempt to refute that conclusion by pointing to our own state's more or less model system of prisons—which, by the way, is being enlarged by the construction of a large prison near Los Angeles. The new "jail house" will make possible the segregation of prisoners into classes according to their ages and crimes, and it goes without saying that that in itself is the greatest forward step yet taken in prison operation—particularly in that it will separate the young first offenders from the older habiual criminals. Unfortunately, however, similar conditions do not prevail in all prisons in the united states. Fewer riots would occur, we believe, if other states would do a bit of house cleaning in their penitentiaries. Coupled with an injection of modern ideas this might do much to alleviate the natural dissatisfaction of the large group of men who are being "punished" in the prisons of the country. In other words—more and better jails.

Local Kiwanians, who recently presented to the Boy Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls of this community a building in which to meet for work and recreation, handsomely exemplified their watchword, "We Build.' Raised as it was, in the face of a none-too-good year, the building entailed no little sacrifice, and for that reason the project is particularly commendable. It is to be hoped that Campbell youngsters will demonstrate their do appreciate the effort made for them—by keeping intact the building and its furnishings and equipment. Pride alone should be a factor strong enough to cause neatness and preservation to be the rule at the new building, for not many scout troops can boast of quarters so regal.

The League of Nations, according to the Christia nScience Monitor, (a journal for which we entertain the highest admiration and respect) is credited with averting seven wars in the past ten years. The cause of peace, says the Monitor, appears to be traveling in seven league boots. It is easier for us to believe that the seven wars have merely been postponed until that time when truculent nations shall have money enough to purchase the ammunition without which even the most astutely planned war would make but a feeble noise.

Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald of England, addressing the House the other day, observed that the legislative halls and procedures of the United States reminded him strongly of those of his native land. There the similarity must have ended, for in his own country labor —the masses — whatever you choose to call the main herd, are actually in control of the government, and in the United States the government is a rope with which the Republicans and Democrats play tug-o-war—and their spirited game leaves them little time to consider the desires of the common herd. A labor party in the United States might vary the monotony.

We have several times invited our readers to write us upon matters of local interest, that we might publish them. We hoped to be able to start a friendly forum wherein Campbellites might get off their chests opinions which it is no more than human to want to air. To date we have had one or two responses, but as a general thing local people appear reluctant to break into print. We hope the situation will be remedied before long —at least before the question of a new high school again arises. Other things besides a new high school could, in our opinion, be profitably discussed in these columns, and, as we have remarked before, we are waiting impatiently for some one to start the ball rolling with sufficient momentum to keep it in motion for some time.

That's all.

PROPOSED WATER CONSERVATION DIST. TO POLLS NOV. 5

An election has been called for Tuesday, November 5, within the territory of the proposed Santa Clara Valley Water Conservation district for the determination of the question whether such a district shall or shall not be organized, and also to elect seven directors of the seven district.

The polls will be open and the election held in this proposed district Nov. 5 from 8 o'clock a. m. until 7 o'clock p. m.

The polling place will be the Campbell union grammar school building and embraces all the territory within the following voting precincts:

Campbell, numbers 1, 2 and 3.

Union number 1.

Union number 2 that is lying within the proposed district.

Vineland number 1 that is lying within the proposed district.

The inspector is George Robson; judge, Carrie L. Watson, and the clerks are G. E. Farley and Mrs. Edna Smith.

HIGH SCHOOL PTA IN FIRST SESSION

The first meeting of the local high school P. T. A. for the 1929-30 school term was held at the high school today with Mrs. Frank Lopes presiding.

The meeting opened with a salute to the flag and the singing of the P. T. A. song.

The following committees were appointed by the president, Mrs. Frank Lopes, and the plans for the year's work began:

Mrs. Otto Kersgard, Mrs. Mabel Davidson, Mrs. Bernice Saveker, membership; Mrs. G. E. Farley, Mrs. I. R. Abbott, Mrs. S. N. Hedegard, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Singleton, finance; Mrs. W. I. Merrill, Mrs. Julius Bachman, Mrs. Frank Lopes, philanthropy.

As before, a prize will be given to the class having the best record of attendance.

An address by Principal Ira Abbott and a reception for the teachers followed the meeting.

Alumni Association Girds Loins For Winter Activities

Grahame Peake, president, announces there will be a meeting of the Campbell High School Alumni association Wednesday evening at the high school. The executive committee is asked to be present for the purpose of making plans for a social affair for the end of the month. Roy Archibald, Marion Austin, Dan Yeager, Elsie Merrill, Dr. Ernest Abbott, Werner Raab, Nuncy Abinante and Graham Peake comprise the executive committee.

120 Pounders Trim San Jose; 110s Lose

The San Jose 120 pound basketball team was beaten by the local 120s last Wednesday afternoon by 6 points, the score being 18-12. The Campbell quint was ahead all the way through, the score at the end of the first half being 12-6.

Thursday the 110-pound teams of Campbell and San Jose locked horns but this time Campbell was not so fortunate, being defeated by 13 points. The score was 19-6.

The next game is between Santa Clara and Campbell Oct. 11, on the local court.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Young have returned from a motor trip to New Brunswick where they spent several weeks visiting with relatives. They were accompanied home by Mrs. Young's sister, Mrs. Hoar, who will remain here for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Kennedy left for Anderson Tuesday.

The Old Fashioned Breaking Cart — By Albert T. Reid

COUNTRY WOMEN HEAR REPORT ON COUNTY MEETING

An interesting session of the Country Woman's club was held Monday afternoon in the community room of the library, which had been beautifully decorated with bowls of zinnias.

During the business hour Mrs. L. J. Carboni gave a few notes from the county federation held in Los Gatos and also of a meeting held in San Francisco which she and Mrs. W. H. Stray and Mrs. G. W. Burrow attended.

The next county meeting will be held in the Friendly Inn at Morgan Hill, Oct. 25.

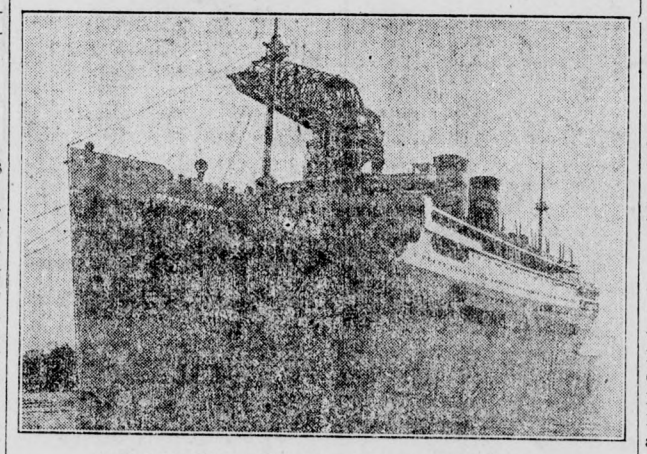
Mrs. E. R. Kennedy reported progress on the card party to be held on the afternoon of Thursday, Oct. 24.

The program topic was" Women in Science," Mrs. E. I. Price, chairman, Mrs. C. E. Farman and Mrs. Effie Hubbell. Mrs. Price noted what a struggle-women had had in earlier years to enter any of the scientific fields, as universities, laboratories and scientific societies were closed to them. During the past half century especially, opportunities have been opening up and many names are now appearing on the honor rolls of science.

Mrs. Farman read an interesting paper recounting the achievements of many women who have won distinctions and others who have been the right hand assistants of their men.

In the galaxy of stars of course Madame Marie Curie shines brightest and Mrs. Hubbell read excerpts from her autobiography which is a readable volume of real worth.

Ocean's Biggest Electric Refrigerator



S. S. PENNSYLVANIA AT HER BUILDERS' YARD
Nearing completion for the California trade, this new electric liner has great capacity for perishable cargo.

CALIFORNIANS—both those who travel, and those who stay on the ranch and raise crops for distant markets—have a personal interest in the largest commercial vessel ever built under the American flag, the electric liner Pennsylvania, now nearing completion at Newport News, Va.

The new ship is virtually a huge electric refrigerator, the largest ever built, and she was specially designed to carry California products. She is also a palatial passenger carrier.

Without the present prosperity of California, with its annual production of crops worth $500,000,000, the Pennsylvania would never have taken shape. Like her sister ships, the electric liners California and Virginia, she was designed and constructed with particular regard to meeting the evident needs of California shippers for rapid transit to Eastern markets via the Panama Canal, as well as for the convenience of thousands of seagoing tourists who seek annually the golden shores of the Pacific Coast.

The Coast to Coast route of the Panama Pacific Line, on which these great new vessels operate, was not opened until after the completion of the Canal. Its growth has been gradual, keeping pace with California's industrial and agricultural development. The line's present building program, culminating in the Pennsylvania, has called for the expenditure of $21,000,000 for three ships, and a recent announcement of their owners was to the effect that three more similar ships would be built in the near future if business continues good.

The Pennsylvania is the world's largest electrically driven liner, and she is electrically equipped throughout, from her refrigeration plant to the kitchens, ventilating and heating systems, elevators, deck machinery and even navigating appliances, including a "metal mike," or steering wheel that will guide the ship without a human hand touching it.

The big liner has 17,000 horsepower in her two great driving motors, and can make the 5,500-mile voyage from coast to coast in thirteen days, allowing a day for a stop at Havana and another at the Canal. She is 613 feet long, 82 feet wide and 100 feet deep from bridge deck to keel. She has capacity for 10,000 tons of freight, and 800 passengers. Her rooms for refrigerated cargo and cool air space for fruits, vegetables, canned goods, eggs and other California products, have 100,000 cubic feet capacity.

The Pennsylvania will be ready for her builder's trials the last of September. She will leave New York for her maiden voyage on October 19. On her first voyage eastward, the Pennsylvania will sail from San Francisco November 9 and Los Angeles November 11, with a full cargo of California products.

GRANGE HARVEST FEAST A SUCCESS

This (Tuesday) evening was the time of another Grange harvest feast, one of the most successful yet observed. The supper began at 6:30, after which the initiation of new members took place. The harvest feast and drive for new members takes place every quarter. At this meeting seven new members were taken into the Grange.

The hall was beautifully decorated with products of the gardens and orchards of the community. Mr. and Mrs. Harms spent the day in decorating it. Before the session closed most of the decorations were auctioned off by Mr. Harms, the proceeds going to the Grange building fund.

H. Bean Family Reach Salt Lake En Route To East

Mrs. H. P. Bean has received word of the safe arrival of her son, Howard and family at Salt Lake City, last Thursday. They left here Monday and spent a day with Mr. Bean's sister, Mrs. Bryant Smith, at Vallejo, and started from there for their home in Washington, D. C., making the trip by auto.

Mr. Bean is one of the advanced employes in the Bureau of Standards and has been making gas and oil studies in southern California for the past year.

Ralph Gardner, Fred Mau, A. D. Lovell, Clint Smith of Brentwood, and Charles Gruwell of Paso Robles left Monday afternoon for a two weeks' hunting and fishing trip up in the Klamath river country.

CTY. CONSOLIDATED MEETS WITH LOCAL KIWANIS TUESDAY

Santa Clara County Consolidated met with the Campbell Kiwanis club Tuesday and after a brief business session of the club the meeting was turned over to the Consolidated. The delegates to district convention at Long Beach are Dr. W. I. Merrill, Ed. Wiesendanger and Ralph H. Hyde.

The consolidated heard reports from the state fair exhibit committee which showed remarkable ability on the part of those in charge. Many awards were given the exhibit.

To avoid the dependence on invitation for Consolidated meetings at various towns it was voted to hold them at the appointed time in each place during the month of that town's annual celebration. This will give Consolidated better opportunity to assist in the publicity and boosting the various affairs. According to that plan these county boosters will meet with us the first Tuesday in February, the month of our celebration. President Wendell Thomas stated that the next meeting would be held at Gilroy and urged a full attendance.

It was voted to pass prune week on to next year as the growers are already getting good prices for their fruit.

Clem Bradshaw, the bard of the Consolidated and sojourning publisher of the Sunnyvale Standard, had the following to say of the reception accorded the visitors Tuesday:

Sure, here's to the Campbell
Kiwanis!
Every one is a handsome
Adonis;
And Consolidated
Feels highly elated
With the honors you shower
upon us.

The Kiwanis, may no spook e'r
fright 'em;
No long whiskered microbes
e'er bite 'em;
May their days be all gold
And their hearts ne'er grow
old—
Ad Astra, et ad Infinitum!

Please take down this motion,
Miss Downing;
Make it read like a classic from
Browning;
Resolved: That in Campbell,
Joy rules without trammel;
And smiles all the orchards are
crowning.

Resolved: We receive it with
pleasure,
This welcome you give without
measure.
A most wonderful day!
We will store it away
In the heart of our hearts, as a
treasure.

—Clem Bradshaw.

Card Party Swells The Grange Building Fund

A card party was given by the ladies auxiliary of the Grange Saturday evening. The room was filled with tables, well patronized by players. Mrs. S. N. Hedegard, chairman of the committee in charge, reported that a substantial sum of money was realized for the building fund of the local Grange.

Football Star

William A. Glasgow, football star of the University of Iowa, who will lead the Hawkeyes. He earns his way through school by managing a dance hall in Iowa City.

The Princess of His Boyhood Dreams

By DORA MOLLAN

WHEN Elsa David was old enough to wear her skirts longer, she wore them shorter. For it was the fashion and, oh, so economical! Robert Corbin, who occupied the large front room on the second floor of Mrs. Beebe's rooming house, at the other end of the long hall from Elsa's small one, could remember when his sister had graduated from high school in the glory of a long full train and the awe and admiration which it had excited in his own small self. Right then Robert had decided that his wife should wear a train—always.

Alas for his vow! As his life lengthened skirts shortened, yet he still dreamed of some day asking some girl if he might buy her skirt material by the yard instead of by the inch.

There was one skirt in particular which Elsa wore. Robert disliked it exceedingly. Bright green plaid, and with it she carried a bright green leather bag. Surely money trusted to the keeping of such a purse was bound to lose all sense of responsibility and come popping gayly forth at the first silly inducement.

And then one day Robert Corbin, returning to his room at noon, ran up the stairs and, stumbling on the top step, dropped his key. The hall in that particular spot was dark. He struck a match and found the key with little trouble. It had fallen beside a bright green bag.

In his room, with the door closed behind him, Robert sat with the bag on his knees. It was shabby at the corners and the handle was worn from much contact with Elsa's fingers. Robert felt a sudden impulse to kiss that worn spot and was so embarrassed that he opened the clasp quite without meaning to do so and beheld its contents. Two dimes, one nickel, a mirror and a powder puff. Fit cargo, indeed, for such a travesty of a purse!

He would leave it with Mrs. Beebe. No, he would knock on the girl's door. Halfway down brought him within range of the landlady's strident voice, which seemed to be always striving to attain the height her stature lacked.

"I hope you find your bag, Miss Davis—and the eight dollars you say was in it—before Saturday night, or I advise you to look for another room."

"You can't hope so any more than I, Mrs. Beebe." If there was a doubting Thomas tone in the landlady's voice there was a rueful note in Elsa's.

Right here Robert Corbin experienced his second impulse regarding that green bag—and yielded. Pausing long enough to take something from his pocket and to fumble with the clasps, he continued on down the hall. "This is yours, I think, Miss David."

Elsa took the bag and her voice said, "Why, thank you, Mr. Corbin!" But her eyes seemed to say that out of a world filled with stupid and clumsy men, he was the most clumsy and stupid of all.

"Now that you have found your money perhaps you will be good enough to pay me," shrilled Mrs. Beebe. And Elsa stood irresolute, "You don't suspect Mr. Corbin's honesty, I hope?"

With a countenance devoid of all expression Elsa opened the green bag and looked in. Without lifting her eyes she took out a ten-dollar bill and handed it to the landlady. Meanwhile Robert took the opportunity to go on his way.

That evening as Robert Corbin sat in his comfortable, shabby easy chair there came a knock and with a vision of an outrageous green skirt before his eyes the occupant of the front room hastened to answer it. But there stood the princess of his boyhood dreams! A willowy, gracious creature garbed in something soft and clinging and silken and white whose indefinite folds concealed and revealed and which, if it did not terminate in an actual train, at least touched, or nearly touched the floor in spots.

"May I come in—and explain—and thank you?" asked Elsa David as she crossed to the worn old easy chair, which immediately took on the attributes of a throne. Finding Robert's gaze somewhat disconcerting but betraying her embarrassment only by an increase of color, the girl began:

"Ever since I was a child and devoured fairy tales I have longed for a train, but when I grew up enough to wear one there wasn't any. Now they say long skirts are coming back into their own. I saw this frock in a shop window—and fell. It took my last cent and I threw my bag into that dark corner purposely so as to have a quarter way truthful excuse for Mrs. Beebe when she came to dun me. Now thank you for coming to my rescue so gallantly, Mr. Corbin, and think your worst of me. Of course I will pay you back as soon as possible."

"Go out and put on that gypsy rig if you expect me to scold you," spoke Robert with his tongue, while his eyes said plainly: "You are beautiful in that gown—like the princess I dreamed of when I was a little boy. I wonder? Could I persuade you to make that old dream come true?"

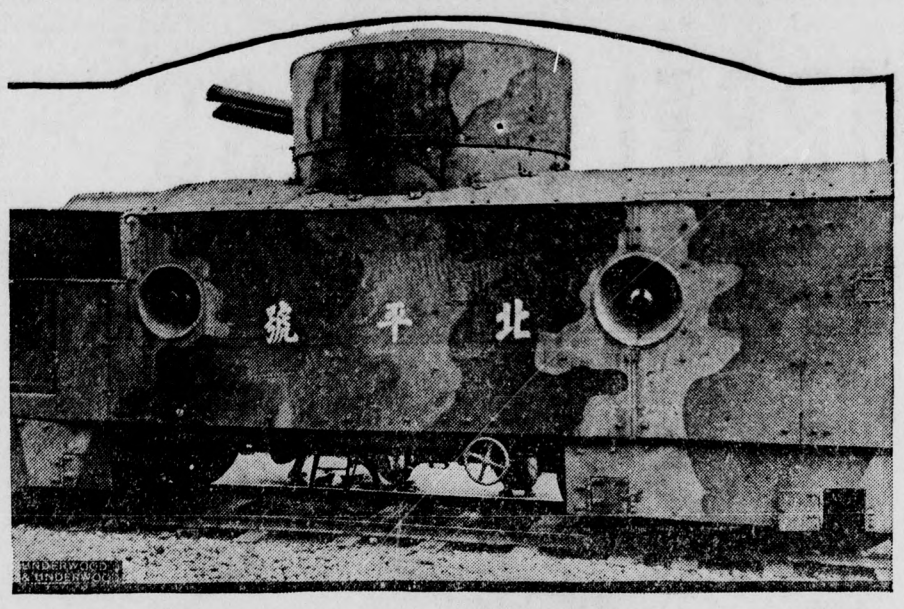
"I'll do just as you wish," answered Elsa meekly, and then, as if reading his thoughts she fled down the hall urged by that primeval instinct that heeds not changing fashions and endures through the ages.

(Copyright.)

Pride and Ingratitude

Pride is of such intimate connection with ingratitude that the actions of ingratitude seem directly resolvable into pride as the principal reason of them.—South.

Chinese Have Armored Trains in Manchuria

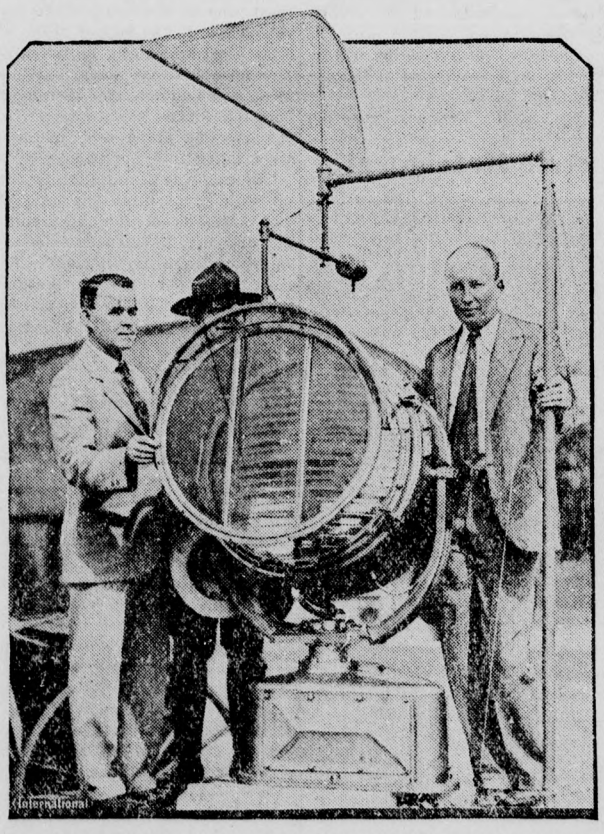


Not to be caught unprepared, the Chinese military authorities have rushed a number of armored cars, such as the one shown in the picture, to the scene of the recent encounters with Red Russian troops, near Harbin in northern Manchuria.

Remember When the Ladies Dressed Like This?

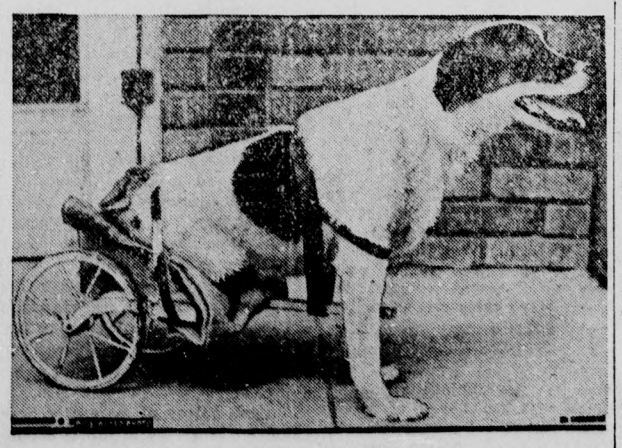
These members of the California Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs in convention at the Hotel Huntington, Pasadena, Calif., added zest to their proceedings by adopting costumes of three decades ago for "Gay Nineties" day.

New Wind Beacon for the Airmen



Maj. Francis Boyle, Capt. L. H. Palmer and Capt. Dudley Howard, left to right, inspecting the new windage beacon undergoing tests at Bolling Field. This revolving beacon with the wind direction indicator was invented by Major Boyle and is so designed as to throw a colored beam down wind for a distance of from one to two miles as an aid to pilots making landings at night.

Jackie, Crippled, Uses Wheelchair



"Jackie," pet of a Dallas (Texas) family, recently run over by an automobile, pulling himself along the "road to recovery" in a wheel chair contraption built especially for him.

TO PROTECT BANKS

Hector Fuller is here holding a Thompson submachine gun at the Bankers' Industrial exposition in New York. The baby machine gun weighs but nine pounds thirteen ounces, but is capable of "spitting" a stream of 300 bullets a minute.

JACK QUINN QUITS

Jack Quinn, one of Connie Mack's veteran pitchers and who aided materially this year in bringing the Athletics to the top, has announced his retirement.

Training for Long Talkers

Among the unheralded benefits of the radio we ought not to overlook the country-wide training it is giving men in making a ten-minute address in ten minutes.

Ha! An Old Friend

The sun is older than the hills, but only recently have we begun to appreciate it. — Woman's Home Companion.

Any Tourists There?

At 3 cents a mile a journey to the sun would cost $2,790,000.

WAS DOMESTICATED

"She's quite domesticated, I hear. Knows how to cook and bake and everything."

"Nothing of the sort. Why, she couldn't even cause a traffic jam."

HAD NEVER TOLD IT

"Don't think I've ever told you this funny story."

"Is it really humorous?"

"Yes."

"Then you have never told it."

A LIGHT BLOW

Judge—You say you struck your husband only a light blow. Where did you hit him and with what?

Accused Lady—On the head with a lamp, your honor.

GONE WRONG

"I see old man Bangs is taking up golf."

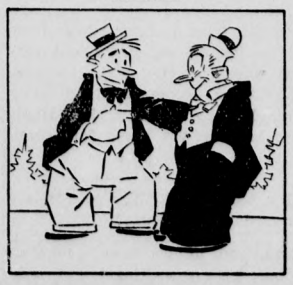
"Well, well, now isn't that too bad and he used to be just as honest and straight as any man could be."

JACK WAS STINGY

"Do you think Jack's cough is due to smoking cigarettes?"

"He never coughed up one to me."

HOW HE DID IT



Thompson—"She's going to marry you, eh? How did you get her to overlook your past?" Williams—"Easy—with a good present, you know."

For Best Results in Home Dyeing

You can always give richer, deeper, more brilliant colors to faded or out-of-style dresses, hose, coats, draperies, etc., with Diamond Dyes. And the colors stay in through wear and washing!

Here's the reason. Diamond Dyes contain the highest quality anilines money can buy. And it's the anilines that count! They are the very life of dyes.

Plenty of pure anilines make Diamond Dyes easy to use. They go on evenly without spotting or streaking. Try them next time and see why authorities recommend them; why millions of women will use no other dyes.

You get Diamond Dyes for the same price as ordinary dyes; 15c, at any drug store.

One Cent a Day Brings $100 a Month

Over 135,000 Persons Have Taken Advantage of Liberal Insurance Offer. Policy Sent Free for Inspection.

Kansas City, Mo. Accident insurance at a cost of one cent a day is being featured in a policy issued by the National Protective Insurance Association.

The benefits are $100 a month for 12 months—$1,000 to $1,500 at death. The premium is only $3.65 a year or exactly one cent a day. Over 135,000 paid policies of this type are already in force. Men, women and children ten years of age or over are eligible. No medical examination is required. This may be carried in addition to insurance in any other company.

SEND NO MONEY

To secure 10 days' free inspection of policy, send no money, just send Name, Age, Address, Beneficiary's Name and Relationship to National Protective Insurance Association, 1035 Scarritt Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. After reading the policy you may either return it without obligation or send $3.65 to put policy in force for a whole year—365 days.

Valuable "Catch"

A fish story with a time element well worth reeling off is being told at Hillsborough, N. H. Alvin A. Yeaton Jr., while trout fishing in the neighboring state of Vermont evidently let his hook, line and sinker drop and drag along the bottom of the stream, for when he hauled in his line there was a shiny watch on it ready to wind and start going.

Kill Rats Without Poison

A New Exterminator that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chicks

K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains **no deadly poison.** K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Connable process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 578 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials.

Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee. Insist upon K-R-O, the original Squill exterminator. All druggists, 75c. Large size (four times as much) $2.00. Direct if dealer cannot supply you. K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

K-R-O
KILLS-RATS-ONLY

Stingless "Iodine" Found

Having all the antiseptic properties of iodine, but not stinging when applied to open wounds, a new drug has been discovered by Prof. Hans Friedenthal, a psysiologist of the Berlin university. He has named the new antiseptic "metajodin," which is said to be made by combining iodine with oxygen.

Russ Ball Blue, I want. Insist, don't accept substitutes. Grocers sell coast to coast.—Adv.

Rajah Hunts With Lights

To aid in hunting big game at night a maharajah of India has equipped his streamline automobile with five powerful searchlights. The car has an extension light rigged up behind the driver's seat and four others ranged along the front, to spot or confuse the tiger or other game encountered.

Extra Point Not Needed

Practical evidence of the unimportance of the extra point after touchdown in football games has been produced at the University of Iowa. In 40 years of gridiron contests records show that in only three cases did the extra point play a major part in the outcome of the game.

FARM STOCK

ALFALFA HAY IS GOOD FOR HORSES

Fed With Corn, It Makes a Well-Balanced Ration.

Alfalfa hay can safely be fed either as the sole roughage for horses, or to replace half or more of timothy or prairie hays, according to A. O. Rhoad of the New York State College of Agriculture. Experiments have shown that horses at hard work and fed alfalfa had as the sole roughage, maintained their weight on 20 to 22 per cent less grain than others fed timothy hay.

Alfalfa makes a well-balanced ration when fed with corn alone. Timothy hay may not be fed with corn alone, as this ration is low in protein and needs a supplement to balance it. With grains other than corn—such as oats, barley, peas and bran, which in themselves contain considerable protein—alfalfa should not be used as the sole roughage. Under such circumstances lower the amount of alfalfa fed; use, for example, half alfalfa and half timothy.

For horses, the first cutting of alfalfa is more beneficial than the second and third cuttings. Second and third cuttings are preferable for dairy cattle because the stems are not as coarse and there is a larger proportion of leaf area. For horses, however, the first cutting is better, as it is not "washy" and is coarser. It is commonly advised to cut alfalfa when one-third in bloom and this is highly desirable for the dairy cow. Alfalfa is better as a feed for horses, however, if it is cut at a later stage—when almost mature.

No better roughage exists for growing colts than alfalfa hay. The high protein and lime content of this hay is just what the growing animal needs to build firm muscle and dense bone.

Ensilage Is Essential to Cattle and Sheep

Feeders of beef cattle and sheep have even more reason to build a silo and feed silage than the dairymen, according to experiment station results. Yet nearly all dairymen feed silage, while the majority of beef men and sheep men do not.

After summarizing the results of all experimental data available Prof. F. B. Morrison, director of the New York experiment station, finds that the average ton value of silage for dairy cows is approximately one-third that of good mixed hay while the per acre yield of silage is four or five times greater than that of hay. For beef cattle, he finds silage worth half as much per ton as clover hay, and for sheep more than half as much.

In an average of 20 trials with two-year-old steers, gains on silage-fed cattle cost $1.22 a hundredweight less than on steers fed on silage. In these tests a ton of silage replaced 27 pounds of concentrates and 605 pounds of clover hay.

Professor Morrison, who has long been considered one of the foremost feeding authorities of the country, feels that cattle and sheep feeders, like the dairyman, could make greater profits by feeding silage.

Pigs at Weaning Time Need Plenty of Grain

Pigs at weaning time should be getting all the grain they will eat. The ration should include tankage or some form of milk. With a good pasture on which to run, pigs should be getting a good start for market weight. Pigs which are doing well should make a pound a day gain in weight. Self-feeders are a convenient means for feeding corn and tankage, and the use of self-feeders results in as good and often better gains than the hand-feeding method. A self-feeder should keep the feed dry, keep feed before the pigs at all times, and prevent waste.

LIVE STOCK HINTS

Lambs should be docked and castrated before they are three weeks old.

* * *

Records are a necessary part of an intelligent conduct of the hog business.

* * *

Alfalfa hay may be fed with safety as the sole roughage for ewes and young lambs.

* * *

Sheep are useful in destroying weeds, and they will eat more different kinds of weeds than other live stock.

* * *

The breeding ewes should have grain a few weeks before the lambing season and be well fed while suckling lambs.

* * *

Experiments indicate that 100 pounds of boiled potatoes will go about as far in feeding hogs as 140 pounds of raw potatoes.

* * *

This is a good time to buy a team of young horses. They are cheaper today than they are likely to be in the near future.

* * *

A well-built central hog house is a very desirable thing to have, but a cheaply constructed shed can be made to serve the purpose.

* * *

Pigs cannot utilize enough pasture to supplement a full ration of corn. Some tankage or skimmed milk or other protein supplement is necessary.

The TRAIL OF '98

A Northland Romance

by

Robert W. Service

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

WNU Service

WHAT WENT BEFORE

Athol Meldrum, young Scotsman, starts out to seek his fortune. At San Francisco he meets a fellow adventurer whom he dubs the Prodigal. With Jim Hubbard the two join the gold rush to Alaska. On the boat Athol meets Berna, who with her grandfather and a hard looking couple named Winkelstein, are headed for the gold fields. Landing at Skagway, Athol's party at once takes the trail. In a snowslide on the Chilcoot trail, which Berna and her companions had taken, hundreds of lives are lost. Fearing for Berna's safety, Athol hastens to the scene. He finds the old man dead. Mrs. Winklestein refuses to allow Athol to see Berna. Later at Bennett Berna asks Athol to marry her to save her from the harsh fate she foresees. Athol is unwilling to take such a decisive step and tells her she must wait. Some days later Berna tells Athol that Mrs. Winklestein plans to sell her to "Black Jack" Locasto, Athol still flinches from the idea of immediate marriage. Reaching the gold fields, they find the claims all taken. "Black Jack" lures Athol to a lonely spot and beats him into unconsciousness. Through a lucky chance Athol finds Berna. She tells him she has so far evaded Locasto and will die before she yields to him. They set a date for their marriage, the first of June.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

—8—

"Yes, again I congratulate you. I know and admire her. They don't make them any better. She's pure gold. You mustn't mind me taking an interest in your sweetheart. I'm old enough to be her father, you know, and she touches me strangely. Now, don't distrust me. I want to be a friend to you both. I want to help you to be happy. Jack Locasto's not such a bad lot, as you'll find when you know him. Is there anything I can do for you? What are you going to do in this country?"

"I don't quite know yet," I said. "I hope to stake a good claim when the chance comes. Meantime I'm going to get work on the creeks."

"Well, I'll tell you what: I've got laymen working on my Eldorado claim; I'll give you a note to them if you like."

I thanked him.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "I'm sorry I played such a mean part in the past, and I'll do anything in my power to straighten things out. Believe me, I mean it. Your English friend gave me the worst drubbing of my life, but three days afterward I went round and shook hands with him. Fine fellow that. We're good friends now. I always own up when I'm beaten, and I never bear ill-will. If I can help you in any way, and hasten your marriage to that little girl there, well, you can just bank on Jack Locasto: that's all."

I must say the man could be most conciliating when he chose. As he talked to me, my fears were dissipated, my suspicions lulled. And when we parted we shook hands cordially.

"Don't forget," he said; "if you want help bank on me. I mean it now, I mean it."

* * * * * * *

'Twas early in the bright and cool of the morning when we started for Eldorado, Jim and I. I had a letter from Locasto to Ribwood and Hoffman, the laymen, and I showed it to Jim. He frowned.

"You don't mean to say you've palled up with that devil," he said.

"Oh, he's not so bad," I expostulated. "He came to me like a man and offered me his hand in friendship. I've no reason to doubt his sincerity."

"Sincerity be danged. He's about as sincere as a tame rattlesnake. Put his letter in the creek."

But no! I refused to listen to the old man.

"Well, go your own gait," he said; "but don't say that I didn't warn you."

Following the trail, we struck up Bonanza, a small muddy stream in a narrow valley. About noon we descended into the creek bed and came to the Forks. It was a little town, a Dawson in miniature, with all its sordid aspects infinitely accentuated. There in the din and daze and dirt we tarried awhile; then, after eating heartily, we struck up Eldorado.

At the Forks I inquired regarding Ribwood and Hoffman: "Goin' to work for them, are you? Well, they've got a blamed hard name. If you get a job elsewhere, don't turn it down."

Ribwood was a tall, gaunt Cornishman, with a narrow, jutting face and a gloomy air; Hoofman, a burly, beetle-colored Australian with a bulging stomach.

"Yes, we'll put you to work," said Hoofman, reading the letter. "Get your coat off and shovel in."

"So, right away, I found myself in the dump-pile, jamming a shovel into the pay-dirt and swinging it into a sluice-box five feet higher than my head. Keeping at this hour after hour was no fun.

For three days I made the dirt fly; but toward quitting time, I must say, its flight was a very uncertain one. Again I suffered all the tortures of becoming toil-broken. The constant hoisting into the overhead sluice-box somehow worked muscles that had never gone into action before, and I ached elaborately.

I was glad, indeed, when, on the evening of the third day, Ribwood came to me and said:

"I guess you'd better work up at the shaft tomorrow. We want a man to wheel muck."

They had a shaft sunk on the hillside. They were down some forty feet and were drifting in, wheeling the pay-dirt down a series of planks placed on trestles to the dump. After the first day I became quite an expert at the business. My spirits rose. I was on the way to becoming a miner.

Turning the windlass over the shaft was a little, tough mud-rat, who excited in me the liveliest sense of aversion. Pat Doogan was his name, but I will call him the "Worm."

He was the most degenerate type of man I had yet met on my travels, a degenerate, dirty, drunken, diseased.

One day Hoofman told me he wanted me to go down the shaft and work in the drift. Accordingly, next morning I and a huge Slav, by name Dooley Rileyvich, were lowered down into the darkness.

The shaft was almost forty feet deep. For the first ten feet a ladder ran down it, then stopped suddenly as if the excavators had decided to abandon it. I often looked at this useless bit of ladder and wondered why it had been left unfinished.

Every morning the Worm hoisted us down into the darkness, and at night drew us up. Once he said to me:

"Say, wouldn't it be de tough tuck if I was to take a tit when I was hoistin' youse up? Such a nice bit of a boy, too, an' I guess I'd lose my job over de head of it."

I said: "Cut that out, or you'll have me so scared I won't go down."

He grinned unpleasantly and said nothing more. Yet somehow he was getting on my nerves terribly.

One evening we were ready to be hoisted up. Dooley Rileyvich went first, and I watched him blot out the bit of blue for a while. Then slowly down came the bucket for me.

I got in. I was feeling uneasy all of a sudden, and devoutly wished I were anywhere else but in that hideous hole. I felt myself leave the ground and rise steadily. I was now ten feet from the top. The bucket was rocking a little, so I put out my hand and grasped the lowest rung of the ladder to steady myself.

Then, at that instant, is seemed the weight of the bucket pressing up against my feet was suddenly removed, and my arm was nigh

There I Was Hanging Desperately on the Lowest Rung of the Ladder.

jerked out of its socket. There I was hanging desperately on the lowest rung of the ladder, while, with a crash that made my heart sick, the bucket dashed to the bottom. At last, I realized, the Worm had had his fit.

Quickly I gripped with both hands. With a great effort I raised myself rung by rung on the ladder. Dizzily I hung all a-shudder, half-sobbing. A minute seemed like a year.

Ah; there was the face of Dooley looking down on me. He was anxiously shouting to me to come up. Mastering an overpowering nausea I raised myself. At last I felt his strong arm around me, and I was on firm ground once more. The Worm was lying stiff and rigid. Without a word the stalwart Slav took him on his brawny shoulder. The creek was down-hill but fifty yards. Ere we reached it the Worm had begun to show signs of reviving consciousness.

Leave me alone," he says to Rileyvich; "you Slavonian swine, lemme go."

Not so the Slav. Holding the wriggling, writhing little man in his powerful arms he plunged him heels over head in the muddy current of the creek.

"I guess I cure dose fits anyway," he said grimly.

Struggling, spluttering, blaspheming, the little man freed himself at last, and staggered ashore. He cursed Rileyvich most comprehensively.

CHAPTER VIII

"YOU'D better quit," said the Prodigal. It was the evening of my mishap, and he had arrived unexpectedly from town. "It just fits in with my plans. I'm getting Jim to come in, too. I've realized on that stuff I bought, made over three thousand clear profit, and with it I've made a dicker for a property on the beach above Bonanza, Gold hill they call it. I've a notion it's all right. Anyway, we'll tunnel in and see. You and Jim will have a quarter share each for your work, while I'll have an extra quarter for the capital I put in. Is it a go?"

I said it was.

Next day found us all three surveying our claim. The first thing to do was to build a cabin. Right away we began to level off the ground. The work was pleasant, and conducted in such friendship that the time passed most happily. Indeed, my only worry was about Berna. I schooled myself into the belief that she was all right, but, thank God, every moment was bringing her nearer to me.

We had hauled the logs for the cabin, and the foundation was laid. Every day saw our future home nearer completion.

One evening I spied the saturnine Ribwood climbing down the hill to our tent. He hailed me:

"Say, we want a night watchman up at the claim to go on four hours a night at a dollar an hour. You see, there's been a lot of sluice-box robberies lately, and we're scared for our clean-up. There's four hours every night the place is deserted, and Hoofman proposed we should get you to keep watch."

"Yes," I said; "I'll run up every evening if the others don't object."

They did not; so the next night, and for about a dozen after that, I spent the darkest hours watching on the claim where previously I had worked.

It was the dimmest and most uncertain hour of the four, and I was sitting at my post of guard. As the night was chilly, I had brought along an old gray blanket similar in color to the mound of pay-dirt. There had been quite a cavity dug in the dump during the day, and into this I crawled and wrapped myself in my blanket. From my position I could see the string of boxes containing the rifles. By my side lay a loaded shotgun.

"If the swine come," Ribwood had said, "let him have a clean-up of lead instead of gold."

Lying there I got to thinking of the robberies. They were remarkable. All had been done by an expert. Each time the robber had cleaned up from two to three thousand dollars, and all within the past month. There was some mysterious mastercrook in our midst, one who operated swiftly and surely, and left absolutely no clew of his identity.

I was quiet for a while, watching dreamily the dark shadows of the dusk.

Hist! What was that? Surely the bushes were moving over there by the hillside. I strained my eyes. I was right: they were.

I watched and waited. A man was parting the bushes. Cautiously, crawling like a snake, he worked his way to the sluice-boxes. None but a keen watcher could have seen him. Again and again he paused, peering around, listening intently. Very carefully, with my eyes fixed on him, I lifted the gun to my shoulder. I had him covered.

I waited. Somehow I was loath to shoot. My nerves were a-quiver. Proof, more proof, I said. I saw him working busily, lying flat alongside the boxes. How crafty, how skillful he was! He was disconnecting the boxes. He would let the water run to the ground; then, there in the exposed rifles, would be the harvest. Would I shoot . . . now . . . now. . . .

Then, in the midnight hush, my gun blazed forth. With one scream the man tumbled down, carrying along with him the disconnected box. The water rushed over the ground in a deluge. I must capture him. There he lay in the pouring stream. . . . Now I had him.

In that torrent of icy water I grappled with my man. Over and over we rolled. He tried to gouge me. He was small, but oh, so strong! He held down his face. Fiercely I wrenched it up to the light. Heavens! it was the Worm.

I gave a cry of surprise, and my clutch on him must have weakened, for at that moment he gave a violent wrench, a cat-like twist, and tore himself free. Men were running in from all directions.

"Catch him!" I cried. "Yonder he goes."

But the little man was shooting forward like a deer. Right and left ran his pursuers, mistaking each other for the robber in the semi-gloom, yelling frantically, mad with the excitement of a man-hunt. And in the midst of it all I lay in a pool of mud and water, with a sprained wrist and a bite on my leg.

"Why didn't you hold him?" shouted Ribwood.

"I couldn't," I answered. "I saved your cleanup, and he got some of the lead. Besides, I know who he is. Pat Doogan."

"You don't say. Well, I'm darned. We'll get him. I'll go into town first thing in the morning and get out a warrant for him."

He went, but the next evening back he returned, looking very surly and disgruntled.

"Well, what about the warrant?" said Hoofman.

"Didn't get it," snapped Ribwood. "Look here, Hoofman, I met Locasto. Black Jack says Pat was cached away, dead to all the world, in the back room of the Omega saloon all night. There's two loafers and the barkeeper to back him up. What can we do in the face of that? Say, young feller, I guess you mistook your man."

"I guess I did not," I protested stoutly.

They both looked at me for a moment and shrugged their shoulders.

* * * * * * * *

Time went on and the cabin was quietly nearing completion. The roof of poles was in place. It only remained to cover it with moss and thawed-out earth to make it our future home.

More and more my dream hours were jealously consecrated to Berna. How ineffably sweet were they. How full of delicious imaginings! How pregnant of high hope! O, I was born to love, I think, and I never loved but one. This story of my life is the story

We Had Now Been Going Sixteen Hours, and Still Our Leader Kept On.

of Berna. It is a thing of words and words and words, yet every word is Berna, Berna. Feel the heartache behind it all. Read between the lines. Berna. Berna.

The Prodigal was always "snooping" around and gleaning information from most mysterious sources. One evening he came to us.

"Boys, get ready, quick. There's a rumor of a stampede for a new creek. Ophir creek they call it, away on the other side of the divide somewhere. A prospector went down ten feet and got fifty-cent dirt. We've got to get in on this. There's a mob coming from Dawson, but we'll get there before the rush."

Quickly we got together blankets and a little grub, and, keeping out of sight, we crawled up the hill under cover of the brush. Soon we came to a place from which we could command a full view of the valley. Here we lay down, awaiting developments.

On the far slope of Eldorado I saw a hawk soar upward. Surely a man was moving amid the brush, two men, a dozen men, moving in single file, very stealthily. I pointed them out.

"It's the stampede," whispered Jim. "We've got to get on to the trail of that crowd. Travel like blazes. We can cut them off at the head of the valley."

"Throw away your blankets, boys," said the Prodigal. "Just keep a little grub. We must connect with that bunch if we break our necks."

It was hours after when we overtook them, about a dozen men, all in the maddest hurry, and casting behind them glances of furtive apprehension.

The leader was going like one possessed. We blundered on behind in the same mad, heart-breaking hurry, mile after mile, hour after hour, content to follow the man of iron who was guiding us to the virgin treasure.

We had been pounding along all night, up hill and down dale. The sun rose, it was morning. Still we kept up our fierce gait. Would our leader never come to his destination? By what roundabout route was he guiding us? We panted as we pelted on, parched and weary, faint and footsore. But still our leader kept on.

Suddenly the Prodigal said to me: "Say, you boys will have to go on without me. I'm all in."

He dropped in a limp heap on the ground and instantly fell asleep. Several of the others had dropped out, too. They fell asleep where they gave up, utterly exhausted. We had now been going sixteen hours, and still our leader kept on.

It was about four in the afternoon when we reached the creek. Up it our leader plunged, till he came to a place where a rude shaft had been dug. We gathered around him.

"Here it is, boys," he said. "Here's my discovery stake. Now you fellows go up or down, anywhere you've a notion to, and put in your stakes. Maybe you'll stake a million-dollar claim, maybe a blank. Mining's all a gamble. But go ahead, boys. I wish you luck."

So we strung out, and, coming in rotation, Jim and I staked seven and eight below discovery.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ton in a Match Box

"There are two or three stars known to us which are believed to possess enormous densities," said Prof. A. S. Eddington in a lecture at the Institute of Mechanical Engineers in London. "The best known of these is the Companion of Sirius. The density is found to be 60,000 times that of water. A ton of its material would go inside a match box."

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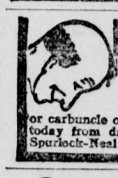

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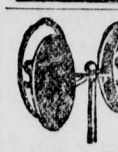

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Eight hundred thousand tons of rubbish are collected every day in Paris, and most of it is incinerated. The waste gases given off in burning it are used to produce electricity, and a big revenue is derived from turning the clinkers into bricks.

Ahead, Yet Behind

"They are pretty fast."

"Yes, but while they keep ahead of their income they are way behind with their bills."

Desire to talk is often an uncontrollable passion.

Every time a lazy man looks at the clock the day becomes longer.

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Editorial

He is not poor who has the use of necessary things.
—Horace.

ANIMALS ON THE ROADS

A scarcity of animals, alive or dead, has been noticed on the highways.

It is said the heaviest mortality from motor cars is suffered by the skunk, which is hard to explain, for surely every driver would go far out of his way to avoid hitting this animal.

Birds, once run over in great numbers, are now seldom hit.

The box tortoise, who years ago never "speeded up" when a car was coming, now fairly gallops to the safe woods when a driver toots the horn to warn him.

It is almost impossible to believe, but it really seems as though the animals have developed a sense of the danger of cars and therefore avoid the well-traveled roads.

Some humans could profit from their example!

THE WHEAT PROBLEM

Although Canada imposes a duty of 12 cents a bushel on wheat, farmers along the United States side of the international boundary are selling their wheat at Canadian points.

They are able to make a profit at this trade after paying the Canadian duty.

The Dominion authorities have this to say: "The higher prices of wheat in Canada which enable American farmers to pay the Canadian duty of 12 cents a bushel and still sell to advantage in the Canadian market are attributed to a number of causes, including lower transportation costs, higher reputation for quality and improved marketing organization."

The transactions as a whole indicate the highly complicated nature of wheat marketing, particularly in the case of the individual farmer.

These transactions seem to us proof positive that immediate steps must be taken to untangle the important problem of wheat crop disposal.

BETTER BUSINESS—BETTER LIVING
BETTER LIVING—BETTER BUSINESS

Most of our allotted span of life—three score years and ten—is spent in living.

Inasmuch as no two people are alike, our efforts vary widely in attaining this end. Statistics available point out that less than half our inhabitants can produce more food and raw materials than all of us can consume. In view of this fact, it becomes plainly apparent that more than one-half our population must earn a livelihood by making, distributing and marketing, which serve as a benefit to individuals as a whole.

There was a time when families were a self-contained unit—producing all the family needs. In the ever-forward march of progress that condition has long since failed to obtain. Today, we are dependent upon one another to successfully carry on the Business of Living. This has brought about the happy solution of greatly improved conditions. It bespeaks a co-operation of industry which affords an opportunity of expansion along all lines of business.

Proper co-operation of business endeavor means better business in a bigger way. And we are all forced to admit that business today is carried out on the highest plane in the history of mankind.

Owing to bigger and better business improvements in merchandising, individuals are afforded an opportunity to improve their buying intelligence. Today the standard of salesmanship is a most extensive requirement. These facts could be enumerated on down the line indefinitely, as success today demands that business render the very best and most honest service possible. "He profits most who serves best" is truly more applicable today than ever before.

Better business—better living, and the reverse—Better living, better business, as it appears on another page of this issue of the Campbell Press, which has been made possible by a group of our progressive business men, is well worth your time spent in reading it.

Maybe you have an idea along this line that will be of interest to our readers. If so, it would be appreciated by the sponsors of the page if you would write it up and hand it to the editor of this paper. Gladly will it be given space in a subsequent issue.

Here's Howe

BY E.W. HOWE
"The Sage of Potato Hill"

ASOKA, BARBARIAN—A SUGGESTION UNWISE NAPOLEON

I have not been able to find an account of a man who was entirely intelligent, or of one who was entirely honest. The best example of an honest and intelligent man was possibly Asoka, a barbarian. It is said of him that though he conquered in battle as easily as did Napoleon, he grew to have a horror of war, and would have no more of it. Asoka had victory to his credit in full measure. No one could say he was a coward, or that he was not the best of commanders. He was rich, and regal in splendor of palaces, robes, jewels and obedience from his subjects.

So the man chose to thereafter court fame by becoming a just and intelligent ruler, and this course met with so much success that he is at this distant day, best known and respected of the notables of his time.

Any page devoted to a summary of a thousand years of history, gives brief mention of rulers much alike; so many victories, so many defeats, and through it all about the same thievery and oppression. But instead of the usual line given an ancient ruler in the necessary brief summary of history, Asoka gets a star in front of his name, and a footnote recording distinction no other king, president or chief has.

The history of Asoka is shadowy, and I somewhat distrust it, but it at least persists, and is a suggestion a modern ruler might have made reality.

Why should not a ruler acquire fame with honesty rather than with the roguery that has distinguished his class almost without variance? Napoleon was a rarely intelligent man. In the Russian campaign, which wrecked him, he took a chance that was surely unnecessary. He appreciated he could not successfully invade England because of the channel separating Calais and Dover, but overlooked a more serious handicap—winter—in invading Russia.

Why was it impossible for Napoleon to be as wise as the barbarian Asoka, who, after becoming satiated with victory and power, chose to try for still greater glory, as a just and intelligent ruler? St. Helena is a good story, but an unnecessary tragedy. I regret Napoleon's history is not an inspiration to all men that honesty is the best policy. Had Napoleon adopted Asoka's plan as late as Austerlitz, he would have not only his present fame, but a great deal more, and of a better kind.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Mrs. Raymond Mathis and children and Mrs. F. Gattrell have returned from a visit in Lindsay.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Perry of Burbank and Gilbert Curl of Berkeley were recent visitors at the J. Mathena home.

Charles Curl, son of Mrs. J. Mathena, and Miss Fay Studebaker of San Jose were married in San Jose two weeks ago and are now spending their honeymoon in San Francisco. They will make their home in San Jose on their return.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Black and daughter of Fresno arrived last week and are guests of his sister, Mrs. Ira Abbott, and family. They expect to spend a couple of weeks here visiting points in the valley.

C. M. Smith, Mrs. Isabel Stafford and son Walter, and niece, Mrs. Bath and son Edward, arrived Saturday from Minneapolis, after two weeks on the automobile trail. After calling on his son, H. C. Smith, and family, Mr. Smith and his party left for Twin Lakes where they will spend the winter.

P. H. Dunlap left Saturday afternoon by boat from San Francisco to Los Angeles where he will attend the Masonic grand lodge. Mr. Dunlap is the junior warden of the local chapter of Masons. Dr. W. I. Merrill, accompanied by Mrs. Merril, left Monday evening by train to be in attendance at the grand lodge.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Anderson, Saturday, Sept. 28, a daughter.

Cecil Cutting was visiting here over the week-end.

Miss Emma Miller was a business visitor in Palo Alto last Tuesday.

Mrs. J. C. Hansen and Mrs. E. Esklesen were visiting Wednesday with their niece, Mrs. S. N. Hedegard.

Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Freudenthal spent the week-end at Gridley.

Mrs. Horace Lea left Friday for a visit in Baxter, Lake Tahoe and Reno.

Misses Daisy and Maude Pannell left Friday for a visit with friends at Glendale.

Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Bennett and Mrs. Hiram Hutton, accompanied by Rev. Benjamin St. John of Woodside, attended the annual convention of the Congregational churches of this district at Pacific Grove, returning home Friday.

Mrs. C. B. Evans has returned from an extended visit with her son and family in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip S. LaBarbara had for their guests at a dinner party recently, Miss Anita Silea and Mrs. J. Chiappe of San Jose, at their new home on Los Gatos-Santa Clara road.

P. E. Sharpless of Otsego, Mich., is visiting with his sister, Mrs. H. M. Parker.

UNION DISTRICT

Sunday evening a jolly party from San Francisco arrived at Mrs. O. Schleuter's of Park avenue, where all enjoyed a picnic lunch, after which a very pleasant time was spent with vocal and instrumental music, palm reading and conversation. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Leland Casstle, Mr. Moore, Mrs. Perkins and Miss Richardson of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Schlueter of Park avenue.

—u—

Mrs. Martha Phillips has had the pleasure of a visit from her sister, niece and grandniece of Santa Cruz for the past week.

—u—

Saturday, Sept. 28, Mrs. Joe Graham gave a whist party in honor of her husband's birthday. High score was made by Ralph Phillips and Mrs. Robert Johnson, who received prizes. Dainty refreshments were served at a late hour. Present were Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Graham and Mrs. Emma C. Main, also Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Graham and Mr. and Mrs. Louis La Guillo of Redwood City.

—u—

A thief is busy in our neighborhood, last Thursday night stealing nine beautiful hens from Julius Shannon at the reservoir.

First Farmer—I've got a freak on my farm—a two-legged calf.
Second Farmer—I know. He came over to call on my daughter last night.

Reception Tendered Rev. And Mrs. Buell

The reception tendered Rev. and Mrs. Buell, new people in charge if the work at the Methodist church was very well attended by members and friends of the church, including many from the Congregational church. Mrs. J. G. Blaine gave the welcoming address and T. A. Cutting acted as spokesman for the Congregationalists. Rev. Buell expressed his appreciation of the friendly attitude that has been shown him and his family since their arrival in the community.

Mrs. E. R. Kennedy was in charge of the program which included a solo by Stephen Merrill, accompanied by Dr. Merrill at the piano; a violin solo by Mervin Nichols, accompanied by Miss Veva Nichols, and a vocal duet by the Misses Merle and Emma Mae Powell, accompanied by Miss Miriam Blaine.

A social hour followed the program at which time the Young Women's Service club served refreshments. The church was very beautifully decorated, the work being done by the Young Women's Service club.

Regular Meeting Of Campbell Rebekahs

Ada Rebekah Lodge met Tuesday evening with Mrs. Lillian Frazier presiding.

After the business meeting a program of charades and games was presented by Mrs. Thomas Phillips, Mrs. Hazel McQueen and Mrs. Emma Main. The program was excellent and drew much applause.

Apples and candy were the refreshments served by the committee.

Winter Cruises in Summer Seas

Are you the experienced traveler for whom that phrase conjures beautiful memories? Do you not again feel the urge of the vagabond . . . the longing to discover some lonely, untouched isle . . . . some nearly secret hamlet, glowing with the mystery of an ancient civilization? Our

Travel Bureau

would welcome an opportunity to tell you about the advantages of a CRUISE ABROAD THIS WINTER
See us for pamphlets regarding travel abroad

American Trust Company
Since 1854
Commercial · Savings · Trust · Investments
Foreign · Safe Deposit
Campbell Branch
Member Federal Reserve System · · · Head Office San Francisco

Tennis Rackets

Priced Right At From

$4

To

$10

Fresh Stock Tennis Balls
White, each 40c
Red, each 50c

Smith's

Stationery School Supplies Sporting Goods

ELEVENTH INSTALMENT

Dear Wife, he wrote her mother—The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. I have lost you and my darling daughter and my lonliness, but I still can say "Thy will be done."

I think you should know, however, how things are here. Otherwise I should not write you. But I am afraid that the daughter that was once ours might tire of the husks of sin and come home repentant.

Bitterness filled my soul when I learned that she was leading a life of riotous mockery, and when I saw the picture of her smiling in wanton attire at the side of that smirking French general, I had it in my heart to curse her. I wrote in my haste I repented my hardness of heart and bowed my head in humble shame when I read your angry reply. I had lost your love and your admiration, but that was deserved punishment for the idolatry that had grown up in my heart towards you; and for the mistakes I must have made in not giving our erring daughter a better care.

But now it has pleased the Lord to pour out the vials of his wrath on my gray hairs. The old mortgage on the church fell due long ago, but foreclosure had been postponed from time to time. We gave a benefit to pay it off, but everybody was too poor to respond, and it did not pay expenses.

The manager of the motion picture house here offered to share the profits on the showing of a picture in which, as he had the impudence to tell me, my daughter played a part. But while it would have drawn money for curiosity that would not have responded to a Christian appeal, I felt that it would be a compounding with evil, and I put Satan behind me and ordered the fellow out of the house.

* * * *

The church is to be closed. What I shall do next or how take care of the little children that still cling to our home, the Lord has not yet told me in answer to my prayers. I still have faith that in His good time he will provide a way or call His servant home, and I hope you will not take this letter as a plea for pity.

My cup is full and running over, but my chief dread is that unhappiness and want may be your portion as well as mine, and that I shall fail you utterly after providing so scantily for you all your days. I can only pray that my fears are the result of loneliness and age and weariness.

And now may the Lord shield you with his ever-present mercy, or at least give us the strength to understand that in all things He knoweth best.

Your loving Husband.

As she read this letter and saw back of the lines the heavy brows of her old father, saw the bald spot she had stared at from the choir loft, saw all the sweet wrong-headedness of the veteran saint, Mem's heart hurt intolerably.

Her mother sobbed: "What on earth can I write the poor darling?"

Mem replied: "The answer is easy. Im going to send him all the money I've got."

Her mother cried out against robbing one of her loves to pay another. It seemed a cruel shame to take the first bit of cake from her daughter and sell it to buy bread for her husband.

"You'll need it yourself. You may not have another job soon. You need new clothes and a rest."

"Rest and clothes can wait."

Her mother kept a miserable silence for a long time before she could say: "Your father will never accept money that you have earned from the pictures. He'd rather die."

This gave Mem only a brief pause. She answered simply:

"Doctor Bretherick got me into this business by making up the pack of lies that brought me out here. Now he can make up a few more and save poor daddy from desperation."

She sat down at once and wrote the doctor a letter, telling him what he must know already of her father's helplessness. She inclosed a money order for two hundred and fifty dollars. She wrote a check at first, but was afraid to have it put through the bank at Calverly lest her father hear of it. She instructed the doctor to make up another of his scenarios about a repentant member of the congregation wishing to restore some stolen funds—or anything that his imagination could invent.

Then she set the wheels in motion to secure an immediate engagement with the next to the greatest comedian on the screen, Ned Ling, a reader of important books; a debater of art theories—but above all a man afraid of nothing so much as he was afraid of love.

He made her sit down on a long couch and snuggled close to her.

It was a period of dead calm and torpid seas, and so Mr. Bermond willingly arranged to "rent" her to Ling, who wanted her at once at first sight.

Meanwhile, through Claymore, Terry Dack was about to be struck off in inumerable portraits and showered upon a grateful world.

At the age of five he would commence his business career with a salary of two or three thousand dollars a year.

One of Mem's pictures was shown soon after at a theater in Los Angeles, and she sat in a vast throng. She saw with pride a fat woman sniffle and thought it a beautiful tribute. She saw a bald-headed man sneak a handkerchief out and, pretending to blow his nose, dash his shameful tears away. And that was beautiful to her with a wonderful beauty.

The papers the next day in their criticisms gave her special mention. A marvelous thing to see one's name in print and with a bouquet tied to it.

She had but a little while to revel in this perfect award, for in a few days a letter came to her, forwarded from the studio.

Her heart plunged with terror as she read:

I seen your picture last night and it made me sick.You're awful innocent and sweet in the picture and you look like butter wouldn't melt in your mouth, but I know better for I'm the guy who held you up when you was out with that other guy and took your wedding ring off you. I didn't know who you was then and I don't know who he is yet but I'm wise to you and all I got to say is I've got my eye on you and you better behave or else quit playing these innocent parts. You movie people make me sick—you're only a gang of hypocrites, so beware.—

Mem felt odious to herself, with all the revolting nausea of evil revealed. There is remorse enought for a struggling soul that knows its own defects and backslidings, but it is nothing to the remorse that follows a published fault.

This letter was more hideous than headlines in a paper. It was more dreadful than such a pilloried public shame as Hester Prynne's. It meant that somewhere there was a man in an invisible cloak of namelessness and facelessness who despised her and jeered at her sublimities of purity. Her highest ambitions were doomed to sneeering mockery.

After a day in Ling's studio, he took her to "The Beggar's Opera."

She had so lost her orientation at the end of the seductive villainies, that she did not faint when Ned Ling said:

"I've laughed myself hungry. I haven't ordinarily any appetite. Let's go to my house and have a bite."

"To your house?'

"Yes. Its all right. I'm quite alone there. Just a Jap. Very secluded."

She wanted to say: "You tell me not why I should go, but why I should not. And I won't."

But it seemed a silly little-girlish, old-maidish, prunes-and-prismish thing to say so she said, "All right' and got into Ling's car.

When he said, "Home," to the driver she almost swooned, but not quite.

The Jap showed no surprise at the late arrival of his master with a lady. Evidently it was the ordinary thing. Mem longed for a mask or a fire escape or a gun. She glanced about for weapons of defense.

But Ned Ling said: "Some scrambled eggs and bacon—some wine. Would you rather have red or white?—or a little champagne—yes? Yes, we'll have some champagne—native California—but good.

She was hungry, but he kept one of her hands prisoner and preferred to talk.

Afterward they went into the beautiful living room, a strange room for a clown; more like what she imagined a millionaire's room to be, judging from what millionaire's rooms she had seen in the movies.

He made her sit down on a long couch and snuggled close to her. She was curious rather than alarmed. He took up her hand again and studied it, talking in the rather literary manner he sometimes assumed: "Each separate finger has its own soul, don't you think? Hands are families. Queer things, fingers. Your right hand and your left hand aren't the least alike and your face is still a third person."

Before Mem quite realized how solemnly ludicrous a couple of comedians could be—if anybody had been looking — except God—and perhaps that Jap valet—Ned Ling's head was on her breast and his eyes were turned up into hers—like a baby's. He was in a newborn prattling humor. That was a secret of his success. He was a baby with all a baby's privileges of impropriety, selfishness, hatefulness, adorableness.

He could revert to infancy and take his audience with him, make old men and women laugh at the simple things that had tickled their childish hearts. And withal there was an amazing sophistication. He was a baby that calculated and and wanted always, the next toy. He was thinking of Mem as his next toy and she was thinking of him as her next child.

His warm head and his brown eyes, like maple sugar just as it is liquescent to syrup, and with the same gold flakes glinting—they were quaintly babyish to her in spite of his old talk.

"I want to love and be loved, but not to love too much. I'm afraid of love. It has hurt me too bitterly. Some of them haven't been true to me, and that hurt me horribly And I haven't been true to some of them—and that hurt me still worse I don't know which is ghastlier—to see a woman laugh at you or cry at you. Marriage is no solution. I don't see how it can help being the end of love. Love ought to be free—like art and speech. Of course art isn't free. There's the

(Continued on Page 8)

If she does her own work she needs an

Extension Telephone!

The home that has no maid needs an *extension telephone* even more than the mansion staffed with servants. It saves *many* steps to have an extension, for example, in the kitchen. And it costs but a few cents a day.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

FIELD'S STORE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY SPECIALS

Ivory Soap, bar	7c
Dromedary Dates, pkg.	19c
Belle Isle Tuna, can	19c
Muellers Macaroni, Spaghetti, Noodles, pkgs.	11c
Dox, 15c pkg.; Dox Flush, 15c bottle, both for	15c
Albers Olive Mince, can	10c
Brillo and Brillo Holder or 2 pkgs Brillo	15c
Albers Carnation Wheat, large pkg.	34c
Toddy, 1 lb.	47c
Jello, 4 pkgs.	29c
Log Cabin Syrup, med. can	49c

PARA-DI-CHLORO BENZENE for tree borers. Now is the time to apply

We carry ORTHO Brand in all sizes

COVER CROP SEED

Melilotus Vetch Barley

GET OUR PRICES

FIELD'S STORE

PHONE 37 Service and Dependability.

Right from the Oven

The best buns you ever tasted.

Serve them once and you will always serve them—fresh every day. Made of the purest ingredients by expert bakers.

Try a dozen today.

We are noted for the high quality of our cakes, pies and bread. Everything at economy prices.

Peter Pan Bakery

TED GAIL, Prop.

I ask you—

"Aren't They Beauties?"

Yes, Sir!—

They're genuine GOODYEAR Supertwist Cords with the new improved Pathfinder Treads. Lifetime Guaranteed.

The Prices?

We're selling them at Catalog House Prices and you get them mounted free and our year-round helpful service besides.

HALIWELL & JONES

Opposite Schools Campbell, Calif.

Dorothy's Mother Proves Claim

Children don't ordinarily take to medicines but here's one that all of them love. Perhaps it shouldn't be called a medicine at all. It's more like a rich, concentrated food. It's pure, wholesome, sweet to the taste and sweet in your child's little stomach. It builds up and strengthens weak, puny, underweight children, makes them eat heartily, brings the roses back to their cheeks, makes them playful, energetic, full of life. And no bilious, headachy, constipated, feverish, fretful baby or child ever failed to respond to the gentle influence of California Fig Syrup on their little bowels. It starts lazy bowels quick, cleans them out thoroughly, tones and strengthens them so they continue to act normally, of their own accord.

Millions of mothers know about California Fig Syrup from experience. A Western mother, Mrs. J. G. Moore, 119 Cliff Ave., San Antonio, Texas, says: "California Fig Syrup is certainly all that's claimed for it. I have proved that with my little Dorothy. She was a bottle baby and very delicate. Her bowels were weak. I started her on Fig Syrup when she was a few months old and it regulated her, quick. I have used it with her ever since for colds and every little set-back and her wonderful condition tells better than words how it helps."

Don't be imposed on. See that the Fig Syrup you buy bears the name, "California" so you'll get the genuine, famous for 50 years.

LECTURE BUREAU WANTS LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
Who can lecture. Make extra money. Tour. International Health and Beauty Bureau Merrimac Bldg. - - - - Norfolk, Va.

RANCH, TOWN AND BUSINESS LOANS and financing anywhere west of Denver, or are you in any money difficulty? Maybe we can help you. GOODELL CO., 548 S. Spring, Los Angeles.

10,000 Bottles a Day

Every day 10,000 women buy a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They know that there is no better remedy for their troublesome ailments with their accompanying nervousness, backache, headache, "blue" spells, and rundown condition.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Songsters Slaughtered

It is reported that millions of migratory song birds and game birds that are protected to some extent in northern Europe are slaughtered ruthlessly in southern European countries when they fly southward in the autumn.

The Mite Box

Little Milton came home from Sunday school with a mite box.

"Why do you call it a mite box, mother?" asked Milton.

"Because," chirped his brother, "you might put something in it and you might not."—The Churchman.

Russ Ball Blue goes farther, makes clothes whiter than liquid Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Synthetic Spirits

Modern Mother—Did you have a good time at the playground this afternoon, darling?

Modern Child—No, mother, the new supervisor was trying to instill a spirit of gaiety.—Our children.

Makes Life Sweeter

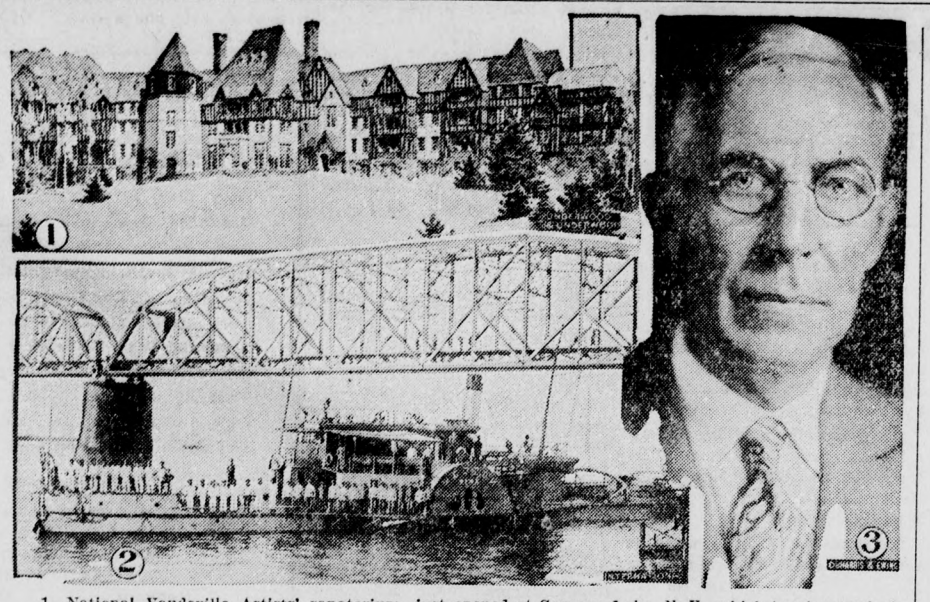
Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acrid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective.

The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia



1—National Vaudeville Artists' sanatorium, just opened at Saranac Lake, N. Y., which has huge solarium with quartz windows. 2—One of the Russian gunboats that have been sinking Chinese vessels on the Sungari river, Manchuria. 3—Augustus Vollmer, former police chief of Berkeley, Calif., new member of the President's crime and law enforcement commission.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Powers Busy With Plans for Limiting Armaments and Insuring Peace.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

REDUCTION of armaments and other plans for insuring the peace of the world and so saving the lives and money of its inhabitants are occupying the international mind these days largely to the exclusion of other matters. Chief of the week's developments in this line was the virtual conclusion of the conversations between Ambassador Dawes and Prime Minister MacDonald of Great Britain with enough agreement reached to make certain the calling of a five-power conference on naval reduction. England will issue the invitation, it was announced, to the United States, France, Italy and Japan, and the meeting probably will be held in London, starting in the second week in January. Mr. MacDonald completed his arrangements to sail for the United States on September 28 to confer with President Hoover and Secretary of State Stimson, and it was assumed that this consultation would result only in furthering the plans for the big meeting.

Dispatches from Washington asserted that President Hoover already had agreed to accept a limitation of the number of 10,000-ton cruisers the United States may build, in addition to a limitation of aggregate cruiser tonnage, which is the point for which the British contended in the futile Geneva conference of 1927. Whether America's big cruisers shall number 18 or 21 is to be decided later. It may be, too, the British will put over their former proposition that there shall be no replacement of capital ships before 1936, when the Washington treaties expire. The extremists in the matter of national defense are rather worried by these reported concessions, and cannot see how the United States is to attain naval parity with Great Britain, but Americans in general probably regard the negotiations with complacency.

President Hoover in a radio address sought to reassure those who might be apprehensive for their country's safety. He declared that naval and land armaments should be held down to the barest necessity for defense purposes, in the interests of peace, and unless this policy is adhered to, preparedness may become a threat of aggression and a cause of fear and animosity throughout the world. The proposals now under discussion by the great powers, he said, "would preserve our national defense, and yet would relieve the backs of those who toil from gigantic expenditures and the world from the hate and fear which flows from the rivalry in building warships."

Dealing with the troubles that may confront the five-power conference, the London Daily Telegraph says:

"It is from France and Italy, rather than from Japan, that the greatest difficulties are feared. These two powers may draw together temporarily for the purpose of objecting to holding the conference in London and of weaving causes for delay, but they have been engaged since 1920 in a naval race of a very strenuous and severe character with one another.

"It is not generally appreciated that France has been working on a building scheme which does not reach its maturity until 1942 and which comprises 18 cruisers, 90 destroyers, 67 ocean-going submarines and 48 coastal submarines. Italy's building program was further increased only last year by the addition of 13 ships to cost an additional $45,000,000, but its principal strength lies in its fast destroyers and motor torpedo craft."

LORD ROBERT CECIL presented to the disarmament committee of the League of Nations the British plan calling for reopening of the question of trained army reserves in any scheme for world disarmament, and was supported by the German delegation. The French, Italian and Japanese argued that this question had been definitely laid aside last spring and that the present time was inopportune for reopening it.

Since the great powers in the League of Nations have rejected France's proposal for an international standing army, and Great Britain refused to help form an international navy, the league is now thinking of forming an international air force to help in compelling the world to be peaceful. Col. Clifford Harmon of America, president of the International League of Aviators, suggested the scheme last December, and was sharply rebuked by Lord Cushendun of England; but he did not give up, and seems to have gained some support from Premier Briand of France and other diplomats. Last week both the French and the Germans introduced before the disarmament committee resolutions defining the juridical status of the planes of such an international force over various countries. The French measure said that the international commission for aerial navigation is preparing plans and urges the freedom of flying over all states, granted that they are the league's machines.

The German resolution said that, having learned that the international commission for aerial navigation is studying the legal position of league aircraft, the question must give rise to an important issue that the various governments will require an opportunity to study after they have received complete information on the project. Count von Bernstorff for Germany thought the French viewpoint could not be accepted. Harmon's plan provided for a fleet of bombing planes to attack and break up mobilization in an aggressive country by smashing bridges, tunnels, railways, and other lines of transportation in order to prevent the attacker from invading a neighbor country.

The league assembly shelved until next year a proposal to assist nations threatened by war with international loans guaranteed by all powers in the league. One of its committees also carried toward completion plans for lowering of customs barriers and reductions of economic impediments to trade, an essential preliminary being a world tariff truce of three or four years.

BRITISH and Belgian troops quietly began the evacuation of the Rhineland, and some of the French troops were withdrawn, though it is expected France will maintain a rather large force there up to the last minute.

CHINA says it is getting tired of the Soviet Russian raids on Manchurian border towns and that unless they cease the Nationalist government will drop its defensive tactics and adopt other measures, confident that it will receive the support of world opinion. The Chinese troops are enraged by the tales of atrocities practiced by the Russians, as brought to Harbin by fugitive Chinese merchants from the border regions and cannot be restrained much longer. Foreign Minister C. T. Wang has protested through the German government against the internment by the Russians of Chinese who are not Communists or members of Russian trade unions and demanded their immediate release. While gathering large bodies of troops and quantities of munitions on the Manchurian frontiers, the Chinese are collecting a mass of evidence to prove to the world that Russia has been violating the Kellogg pact. Denials of this by Moscow do not have great weight with those who are aware of the Russian propensity to misrepresent—to put it mildly.

SOON after Col. R. W. Stewart was ousted by the Rockefellers from the chairmanship of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana there were rumors that he was going to form a combine to fight the American oil kings. These have been revived now, for the colonel sailed for Europe last week and it was admitted he would visit Sir Henri Deterding, oil magnate of Europe and director general of the Royal Dutch Shell company whose products already are sold all over America. If a combine of Standard's competitors does result, it may bring the Royal Dutch Shell and its ramifications, the Sinclair companies, the Prairie Oil and Gas and subsidiary pipe line company and the Continental Oil company all under a unified control. Rumors in American financial circles were that Stewart had enlisted the Morgan interests. It looks as if a merry oil war were in the offing.

Harry M. Blackmer, the American oil magnate who fled to France to avoid testifying in the Teapot Dome cases and is still over there, was fined $60,000 for contempt of court by Justice Siddons of the District of Columbia Supreme court. His lawyers gave notice of appeal, and Blackmer's $100,000 in Liberty bonds, seized some time ago, remains in the custody of the federal marshal in Washington.

CAPT. JOHN M'LEOD brought his motor vessel Shawnee of Nova Scotia into Halifax with two shell holes in its hull, and declared these were caused by two of four shells fired at close range by the United States coast guard cutter No. 145 when the Shawnee was 26 miles off New York, bound from Bermuda to Halifax in ballast. He said the No. 145 had all its lights doused and that after the firing it called the coast guard Gresham which later was relieved by another vessel, and that he finally outdistanced his convoy. McLeod said he would make formal protest through Ottawa. The Shawnee is alleged to have been engaged in rum running.

DOWN in the Carolinas the inhabitants apparently are determined not to have Communists from other regions interfering with their labor troubles. The radicals from New York who went down there to aid the striking textile workers are having a rough time, what with kidnapers and whippers, and in a mob attack on persons on the way to a strikers' rally at Gastonia, N. C., one woman was shot to death. For this murder and for various floggings numerous arrests have been made, and the state authorities seem to be doing all in their power to restore order; but the Carolinians are in an ugly mood and further bloodshed is expected.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S appointment of Henry F. Guggenheim as ambassador to Cuba to succeed Noble B. Judah, resigned, meets with general approval. The new ambassador is one of the leading figures in American aviation, being president of the Guggenheim fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics

BRIG. GEN. LYTLE BROWN, one of the greatest of American engineers, was appointed chief of army engineers with rank of major general to succeed Major General Jadwin, retired, and simultaneously with making known this selection, President Hoover announced plans for the reorganization of the office Brown takes. High ranking officers will be placed in entire charge of important projects and held definitely responsible for the successful completion of these special assignments.

General Brown is fifty-seven years old and was born at Nashville, Tenn.

NEW YORK is to have a lively mayoralty campaign with five candidates. Congressman F. H. LaGuardia, extreme wet, won the Republican nomination, but the dry Republicans began laying plans to put up a dry candidate. The Democrats renominated Jimmy Walker, and Richard Enright, former police commissioner, was put up by the Square Deal party, attacking Tammany control of the police department. The fifth candidate is Norman Thomas, running as a Socialist.

MERGER of two of New York's biggest banks, the National City and the Corn Exchange, was arranged and approved by the directors. The consolidation brings together total resources of $2,386,066,401, making it the largest bank in the world.

LOUIS A. HILL, former director of the bureau of engraving and printing, denounced the new small size currency as "the poorest, confessedly the cheapest, and without doubt the most dangerous issue of United States currency in history." In a letter to the senate committee on banking and currency Mr. Hill pointed out that the size of the new notes, preventing the delicate engraving, intricate scroll work and portrait tinting which marked the old currency, lends itself to counterfeiting. He charged that in the case of national bank notes the overprinting of the identification of the new bills by city, date, bank of issue and other details on an engraved skeleton form is a violation of the law.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Needless Pain!

Some folks take pain for granted.

They let a cold "run its course."

They wait for their headaches to "wear off."

If suffering from neuralgia or from neuritis, they rely on feeling better in the morning.

Meantime, they suffer unnecessary pain. Unnecessary, because there is an antidote. Bayer Aspirin always offers immediate relief from various aches and pains we once had to endure. If pain persists, consult your doctor as to its cause.

Save yourself a lot of pain and discomfort through the many uses of Bayer Aspirin. Protect yourself by buying the genuine. Bayer is *safe*. Always the same. All drugstores.

BAYER ASPIRIN

(Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid)

Keep your skin clear

SOAP *to cleanse* · OINTMENT *to heal*

with Cuticura SOAP AND OINTMENT

It takes a well-furnished mind to endure solitude.

Don't tell everything; mystery makes romance.

Heed Early Warning!

Don't Let Kidney Trouble Get a Firm Hold.

DOES every day find you lame and achy—suffering nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are kidney excretions too frequent, scanty or burning in passage? These are often signs of sluggish kidneys and should not be neglected.

To promote normal kidney action and assist your kidneys in cleansing your blood of poisonous wastes, use *Doan's Pills*. Endorsed the world over. Sold by good dealers everywhere.

Doan's Pills

A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

Life looks rosy for him

Health worth more than fortune

THE baby to be envied is the one who is born with an inheritance of perfect health, to begin with. And who's lucky enough to have a mother who knows how to build up this fortune.

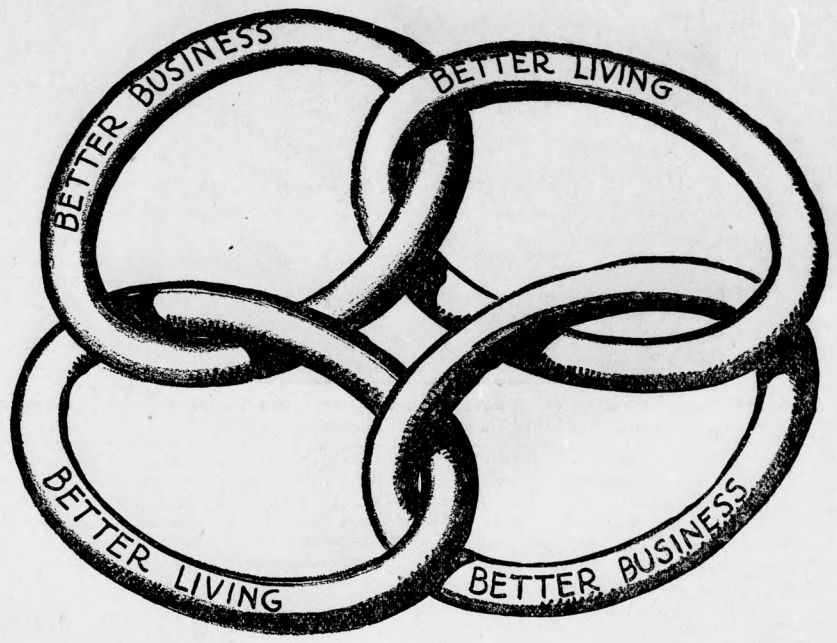
"Perhaps I'm old-fashioned," she'll say to the doctor who pronounces her child physically 100% at a baby show, "but this health certificate means more to me than all the stock certificates in the world. If my baby grows up strong and well, I'm willing to leave it to him to make a career and fortune for himself.

"Already I'm teaching him the value of regular habits. Regular sleep, regular meals, regular functions. He's never once been off schedule, not even when he was cutting teeth or traveling to the country. I make sure of that by giving him Nujol regularly."

Nujol works so easily and naturally that it won't upset a baby under any conditions. It keeps everything functioning properly. It not only prevents any excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming but aids in their removal. It is safe and sure. Nujol was perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 2 Park Avenue, New York.

Heir to millions

Just try Nujol for your baby. Give it to him regularly for the next three months. See if it doesn't make things much easier for both of you. Certainly it could do no harm — for Nujol contains no drugs or medicine. Your druggist carries it. Be sure you get the genuine. Sold only in sealed packages.



Better Business—Better Living
Better Living—Better Business

Did you ever stop to consider that most of the three score and ten years—the proverbial span of life—is spent in the Business of Living?

This Business of Living consists of trying to keep from starving or freezing—trying to live comfortably—getting our share of happiness out of life. To achieve this end we must all put forth an effort to accomplish, as the years go by.

Owing to the present complicated state of civilization—of which we are all a part—our efforts differ widely.

In this country less than half of us can produce more food and raw materials than all of us can consume.

This means that more than half of us must earn our living by making, distributing and marketing the products and services of benefit to one another.

No longer is each family a self-contained unit—producing all that the family needs. Today, as never before, we are dependent upon one another to successfully carry on the Business of Life.

Through depending upon others for the greater share of our needs there has been developed that all-important factor to human existence called Business.

Business today is carried out on the highest plane in the history of mankind. Our ancestors may have suffered in their business dealings in the days when the commercial slogan was "Buyer Beware!" Fortunately, the march of progress has forced such practices from the field.

Today the requirements for success demand that Business render a fair and honest service. Never has the phrase "he profits most who serves best" been so true as it is today.

Service has made for Better Business and it has also made Business better! Better Business means Better Living. Better Living means Better Business.

If you have a "Better Business-Better Living" idea, pass it on to a business friend. Every concern represented in these pages is furnishing goods and services that make for better living. Their fundamental policy is the rule: "The most service and the best, at the least cost to the user." They realize that by fair and honest business methods they can contribute to Better Living in the community of

CAMPBELL

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Office: Curry Bldg, Phone 166
Campbell, Calif.

DR. C. E. FARMAN
Dentist
Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Curry Bldg. Campbell, Calif.

DR. ERNEST A. ABBOTT
Dentist
Rm. 6, Porter Bldg., San Jose
Phone San Jose 2447

BOHNETT, HILL & CAMPBELL
Attorneys and Counselors
First National Bank Bldg.
San Jose California

Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Robt. Scholz, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings. Lester Brackett, Noble Grand
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

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A thorough and complet course is offered pupils in the art of piano playing. Pupils may enter at at any time. Supervised practice may be arranged for.
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$25, 3 rms & bath, fireplace, furn.
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$20, 3 rms, furn including light
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WANTED—To hear from Carpenter who will give half cash and half work for winter rent. Write P. O. Box 113.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That default having been made in the payment of installment of interest on the promissory note secured by that certain Deed of Trust executed by JOE HANSEN and EVALYN HANSEN, husband and wife, to SAN JOSE ABSTRACT & TITLE INSURANCE CO., a Corporation, as Trustee, and S. N. HEDEGARD and ANNIE M. HEDEGARD, husband and wife, as Beneficiaries, dated August 18th, 1928, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Santa Clara, State of California, on the 22nd day of August, 1928, in Volume 423 of Official Records, at Page 31 and following; which said note and deed of trust were, by instrument dated the 25th day of August, 1928, and recorded on the 25th day of May, 1929, in the office of the County Recorder of Santa Clara County, California, in Volume 463 of Official Records, Page 291 et seq., assigned by said S. N. Hedegard and Annie M. Hedegard, husband and wife, to L. D. Bohnett, who is now the owner and holder thereof;

And default having been made in the payment of interest due November 18th, 1928, upon said note, and said default having continued for more than one month, and the owner and holder of said note and deed of trust having exercised his option to declare the entire principal and interest on said note to be immediately due and payable;

And application in writing having been made to the undersigned, as Trustee under said deed of trust, by L. D. Bohnett, the owner and holder of said note and deed of trust, that the undersigned sell the premises by said deed of trust conveyed, and hereinafter described, as in said deed of trust provided;

NOW, THEREFORE, The undersigned Trustee will, on the 17 day of October, 1929, at the hour of ten (10) o'clock A. M. of that day, at the front door of the County Court House of Santa Clara County, in the city of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, in pursuance of the provisions of said deed of trust, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in United States Gold Coin, the land and premises situated in the County of Santa Clara, State of California, described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at a point which is on a line 2 feet Easterly measured at right angles from the Easterly line of the Santa Clara and Los Gatos Road, 50 feet wide, being distant along said line parallel with the Easterly line of said Santa Clara-Los Gatos Road, North 240 feet from the Southerly line of Lot 1 as shown upon the Map of P. G. Keith's Subdivision in the Northwest ¼ of the Southwest ¼ of Section 26, T. 7 S. R. 1 W. M.D. M. which said Map is of record in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Santa Clara, State of California, in Book "D" of Maps, Page 169, records of said County, and running thence from said point of beginning and parallel with the Easterly line of said Santa Clara-Los Gatos Road and distant 2 feet therefrom, North 60 feet; thence S. 89 degrees 26 minutes E. and parallel with the Southerly line of said Lot 1, 316 feet 10 inches; thence South and parallel with the Easterly line of said Road, 60 feet; thence N. 89 degrees 26 minutes W. and parallel with said Southerly line of Lot 1, 316 feet 10 inches to the point of beginning, and being a part of said Lot 1 of P. G. Keith's Subdivision as hereinabove referred to.

DATED: September 10th, 1929
SAN JOSE ABSTRACT & TITLE INSURANCE CO.,
(CORPORATE SEAL) By
L. P. EDWARDS, President
Bohnett, Hill & Campbell
Attys., San Jose, Calif.
(2-3-4-5-6)

TAXES — 1929

Office of the TAX COLLECTOR, county of Santa Clara, State of California. San Jose, California, October 1, 1929.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the taxes for the fiscal year, commencing July 1, 1929, and ending June 30, 1930, will become due and payable:

First Installment. The tax on all personal property, a lien on or secured by land, and one half of the tax on all real property will be due and payable Monday, October 21, 1929, and delinquent Monday, December 2, 1929 at 5 o'clock P. M. when 10 per cent will be added to all of said first installment remaining unpaid.

Second Installment. The remaining one-half of the tax on all real property will be due and payable January 13, 1930, and delinquent April 28, 1930, at 5 o'clock P. M. when 5 per cent will be added to all taxes remaining unpaid.

Taxpayers may, if they desire to do so, pay the whole tax in one payment.

For the purpose of receiving taxes I will be in Campbell at the American Trust Company Bank on Monday, November 4, 1929, during banking hours, and at the Tax Collector's office in the Hall of Justice building, corner of St. James and Market streets, San Jose, California, daily, Sundays and legal holidays excepted, from 9 o'clock A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M. to and including Monday, April 28, 1930.

The second installment is payable in the Tax Collector's office, San Jose.

THOMAS BODLEY,
Tax Collector of Santa Clara Cty.
(5 6 7 8 9 10)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCUsATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE CAMPBELL PRESS

Published weekly at Campbell, Calif., for Oct. 1, 1929.
State of California, County of Santa Clara, ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Richard H. Knappen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the managing editor of the Campbell Press and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, manage ment, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, P. L. & R., to-wit:

That the names of the publisher and managing editor are, publisher, Harry C. Smith, Campbell, Calif.; managing editor, Richard H. Knappen, Campbell, Calif. That the owner is Harry C. Smith, Campbell, Calif.,

Richard H. Knappen

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of Oct., 1929.
G. E. Farley
My commission expires Feb. 8, '31

A New Use For Old Shoes

Boots and shoes of all sizes and descriptions make up the novel garden pots of H. Chatfield, a pensioned railroad man of London.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
J. H. Bennett, Pastor

The Loyalty Crusade made a start last Sunday and the attendance both morning and evening was good. The theme for next Sunday morning is "Family Day," at 11 a. m., when all are cordially invited. At 7:30 the program will be "Men's Night," with W. H. Stray in charge of the arrangements. Good singing is again promised, as on "Woman's Night." Men's fraternal orders are invited to attend in a body. The message will be given by Rev. J. H. Bennett.

The Sunday school is aiming at an attendance of 140. Will all parents assist by insuring that all the youngsters come next Sunday.

The junior C. E. will meet at 5:30 next week on acount of the convention at Palo Alto.

The bookkeeper was peevish.

"What's wrong?" asked the boss.

"Why,' he said, "that pretty typist you insisted on engaging spells attrociously."

"Is that so? She must be good. I couldn't spell it!"

FOR RENT— Two furnished rms. in home with heat, hot water, garage, private entrance. Suitable for 2 bedrooms or bedroom and living room. Phone Campbell 231 or call at corner of Rincon avenue and Winchester road.

SOULS FOR SALE

(Continued from Page 5)

censorship. Well, marriage is like censorship. Everything you do and say and feel must be submitted to the censor. They call this a free country and have censorships and marriage!"

She smiled. He was more like a prattling baby the more cynical he grew. His heavy head made her breast ache and yearn for a baby. But he wanted only the froth of life without the body and the dregs.

"Could you love me just enough and not too much?" he pleaded.

If he had said, "Marry me tomorrow!" he might have had her then. But she had not his opinion of marriage. She had played the game without the name—endured the ecstacy and the penalty without the ceremony. She had escaped public shame by a miracle of lucky lies and accidents. The hunger remained for the rewards of marriage, the honesty of a home, the granite foundations of respectable loyalty.

So when he pleaded with her for love that cheated and played for fun and not for all, for a kiss, for caresses, she shook her head—mystically as he thought, but very sanely and calmly, in truth.

Finally she yawned in the face of his passion and said, "I'll be going home now, please."

(Continued Next Week)

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All Kinds of Building Material
Best Service Possible

Consumer Gets Benefit of all Discounts
We want your business, ask your confidence, and assure the best of treatment

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JUST as the "80-mile" car insures smooth running at 50, so the surplus of mileage in the DUAL-Balloon gives incomparable assurance of trouble-free, uninterrupted running. Whether you keep your car a year, or two or more, in all probability you will never have a moment's delay chargeable to rubber.

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Enjoy care-free, comfortable warmth by installing an automatic gas-fired heating system. It costs less than any other automatic system. It lasts for years with little servicing. Modern ventilated firebox passes all products of combustion outdoors. Into your rooms flows heat as clean as the warmth from the sun.

There are many types of good gas-fired heating equipment. How can you know which to choose?

The experience of P G and E engineers and their knowledge of all types of gas-fired heating systems enables them to judge which is the most adaptable for each home. Their knowledge is for your benefit. For details, phone or call our office. Automatic heating installed for 10% down and terms

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Every man and woman in our organization wishes you to know that you are not a mere name or number to us, but an appreciated customer.

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PINKY DINKY *and His Gang* — **By Terry Gilkison**

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NOTHIN!
AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF LIONS?
NOPE! I AIN'T AFRAID OF LIONS - OR NOTHIN'!
REALLY! AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF BEARS OR WILD ELEPHANTS OR TIGERS OR CANNIBALS OR GHOSTS?
NO-SIREE-I AIN'T AFRAID OF NOTHING! AND IF I HAPPEN TO GET HICCOUGHS MY FAMILY CAN'T DO A THING ABOUT IT!
1929 Publishers Autocaster Service